

LOFTY

&

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LIBRA WOMAN

On the night of Rose's MA show at Vaaland, we sat in her studio agitated-drunk on strong beer and free wine, he wanted to articulate the oneness of everything, the cyclical, ouroboric, consciousness as collective, experiential, polymorphous, trans-human, universal-transcendental, belonging to external and internal voids. He put forward Astrology as a structure and a method and a phenomenon, marking and making subjectivities by virtue of its cultural historicity and immanence, an osmotic effect that is not necessitated by choice through active engagement. And though I know my sign, I distance myself from landscapes, territories, schools of thought, monuments, cells, involuted places where I might be exposed. In fact I have been intimate with astrology have both let myself be read and read myself through its prism. I remember reading: Libra's should not settle down until late in life; has this not surged through me as knowledge or the riddle? Is this not what my body believes via impetuous motion?

I am susceptible to the clue, the echo, the premonition, the trace, the trail, the path, the scent, the elegy.

One common quirk of Libra women is that of getting depressed easily. Partly this is because they genuinely feel the world should always be fair and beautiful, and the reality of course is that sometimes it just isn't. What others shrug off in this area a Libra sometimes just can't accept. This broken-hearted approach to life can be both endearing, or off-putting, depending on your viewpoint. It does create a unique and powerful counterpoint to their otherwise passionate approach to life for those who appreciate contrast and complexity in a partner.

[<http://www.compatible-astrology.com/libra-woman.html>]

Dreaming someone else's memory of an irl wedding. Walking thru streets familiar by proxy via his description of some home-place, a route he took to a rendezvous, the location of the event returned to again & again, this time incorporating me. West-Midlands accents abound as we drive & walk together, they city streets crossing highways and infiltrating suburbs until we reach a hotel. The room is as you left it the last time ("insert a pound in there" you instruct, the hand held plastic object does nothing for me). There are photos of you when you were young and I didn't know you (but I knew your kind in my town). I want to get changed but we must go. You are dressed in loose jeans and t shirt, multiple necklaces festooned around your neck, and your hair is longer and your face is plumper. You are younger than me in spite of 4 year seniority. We walk, I detour to change, you go ahead into the I retail interior i have provisionally visualised. It's a US style hypermarket staff dressed in primary colours jovial sales environment very passive aggressive all manner of goods are for sale did u work here is this what it's all about? We are dressed the same, in sheer red diaphanous blouses that sensually pulse in the warm evening breeze, bulging.

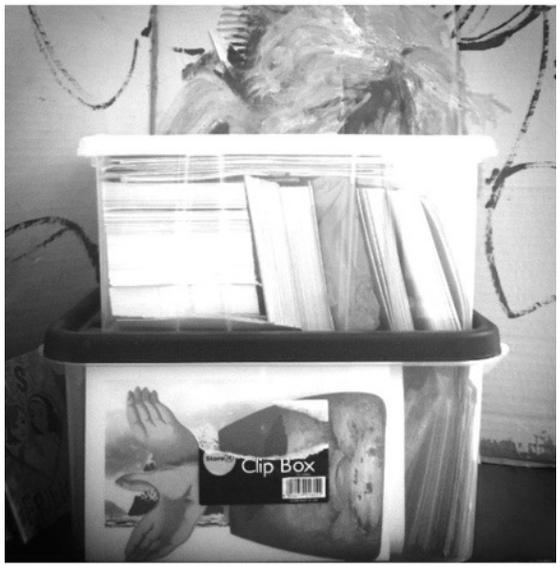
January Cancer (1918 - 1959) died old of an "existential imperative" to be non-committal & try everything on/try everything out. He practiced non-monogamy as a destructive tactic or an embodiment of philosophical doctrine that avowed over all else the joy of human [internalised-masculine] agency. The word masculine denotes a connective tissue that iterate identifications between me and my father. January Cancer is not my father. January Cancer is not my lover and nor was he ever. I was not even born when he was alive. January Cancer is a figure much like I am [as a mother]. Wikipedia informs me of the name of January Cancer, in addition to the two dates that signpost the length of his life on this earth. I look for him in the annals of my history and those of the many characters who populate my reality. I am curious, January. From various angles and distances I watch him. The cartography of his aged existence, shackled up in a small Louisville, Kentucky-style wood-built home with a porch and a swing out on the lawn. I see him inside there so small and still charismatic, phantasmagoric. His smile melts my ravenous little heart - a fusion of Humphrey Bogart, Charles Bukowski and Dave Taxi [the local drinker who would stand at the bar I tended in Beaumaris for hours necking pints of Carling lager: his freshly pressed jeans; his polished chuck boots; his slicked back silver hair and its generalised thinning; the roughhewn crags of his severely lined skin mapping out a life lived to an advanced age despite the dates (u cant trust wiki & I saw him irl this year, and in films for many years before)]. I saw him star in a homonymous Hollywood flick as a brooding anti-hero with a leading lady who was celebrated in her youth (>40) for her Bacall-esque precocity and composure.

The actress and I speak in hushed intimacy, seated very close together on a plane that cruises low above miles of comingling motorway web congested with traffic, surveying from a safely uninvolved perspective a choked, narcotised and oddly secure landscape in which all of those bodies and operations are trapped. A young male upstart bemoans the relative coldness of Britain's regional north, the diatribe issuing from him receding back into the arrogant mouth from where it came as I become more deeply absorbed in the strange beauty of the scene below, which is more toy town than the morass and utopic-nowhere mythic sensuality of earth. My sensorium incorporates somehow with toddler's toy cars aligned in sweeping rows across an undulating landscape bifurcated with fields and factories emitting smoke and people, predominantly oblong shapes daubed in pastel shades atop a verdant curved earth, so quiet so quiet from up here, where the chatter is marginalised and the warmth she irradiates reconfigures in the moment of our proximity to a holding sense, a sense of being held, held here high up with all of this perspective - thank you, thank you.

The matter of my body is interchangeable with that of a young Bangladeshi woman, who is stealing £600 from a white British woman, whose cascade of loose blonde curls crash & break over her slim translucently pale shoulders. She is seated decorously rigid at a dining table covered in a starched cloth, anxiously resplendent in a too-low cut red top, areola crushed against I interview her/myself and find that she had been performing her wealth and had been hustled into handing it over and therefore no crime had been committed. No crime at all. It wasn't how it seemed. Nothing was stolen. No need to beat or be beat.

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Izaskun is pregnant and we eat dinner at a middle eastern restaurant in a pennine ex-mill town. Residual Northern labourer's proud insularity buttressing the wild of the tops neither scabbed by violent Winter's gorse nor the similarly cautionary November heather: scratchy insolent and stout proclaimers of a territories' enduring harshness underneath temporal flora. Harshness therefore being the immutable fact. I like it here but then I like every/anywhere until my claws curl inward into my palms and draw blood there; the nonsense of gestures, in the register of space and time, to escape from one's miserly self; all of the needless shifting of furniture in the existence of 1; no metaphor is more proximate/no expression of corporeality more futile. No international DNA more steeped in the grandiose shame of its adopted lands: those of the red and whites roses, and who's 30-odd year war [1455 - 1487] this body has waged on itself in an unconscious mimesis that also incorporates the birthsign of Libra. Scales & wars that divide & reclaim the otherness of what is gone in a dispute, likened to a carousel if it was fuelled by pre-menstrual hormones. This restaurant is a glass-womb, an *enceinte*, a uterine enclosure of the corporeally exterior, completely festooned with healthy indoor plants entire ceiling glass - let there be light! Let me no longer dwell in airless hovels blighted by pestilence absorbed by the very bricks and mortar! Let the stultified house plants in handsome pots verily drink sunlight into their veins, and let me sit myself down in momentary concord with my surroundings - turquoise walls, music always playing, books no longer a burden - and cease excesses/and be.



MAY 13

A wave that seems apocalyptic merely passes over us soaking the land & us but everything still intact. Lover speaks without taking his eyes off the scene/without moving his lips: "but everything was already wet, already soaked - that's how come the wave could dissolve instead of breaking."

MAY 19

Fear of flying trans-Atlantic.

MAY 20

Making-up in drag and heading out on a date on a motorway central reservation. We* just hold each other.

*subject polymorphic.

A US noise musician/artist has made 5 short films of fragments of my dreams, which I watch with hot stinging eyes & snowballing emotions: I must find & thank her. Previously: my daughter & I fail to sleep in the chaotic environ of my ex-bro-in-law & his lover; the house is brimful of things & furniture & music & bodies in agitated motion. It is light [again] before the night darkens proper, 'neath cover of which we flee, exhausted.

My father furiously pacing an interior that is somewhat familiar to me: "I just want plants that *change," & I get it; we [have always] live[d] in dark hovels where nothing 'changes' [grows]. I shift to a different and exceedingly familiar interior: the front bedroom of the semi-detached house in which I once lived, which was the bedroom of all but the youngest at one time or another. My teen box room transplanted to the place where I bunked with my sister throughout the 80s/90s. All the drawers and cupboards are festooned with fashions from my meek-trash-goth formative years: fishnet; torn denim; lace/satin slips in black & lime; stockings/suspenders; oversize black tees; filthy pumps; VTG dresses; fake fur. Red lipstick; plum nail varnish; liquid eyeliner. Bangles. I open a snakeskin bag in which 20 y/o detritus still remains, and the smell especially, of melted pan stick makeup, and stale cigarettes and beer.

I stumble into uncharted territory via the men's bogs...there are small stick doorways to lock kids in/out and goldfish swim mid-air. Prince utters his intentions & walks away. Wendy&Lisa ask if I am aroused. Anticipation brought about by his forwardness fires up my dormant libido: hot wet heavy feeling like a seeping bruise between my legs. Or the weight of a fluid steeped pendulum weighing my pelvis down. Afterwards I need to piss&must step over Prince's prostrate body&then piss publicly - accompanied by a friend - ambivalent.I see other friend B thru stained glass window while drip-pissing; she is descending stairs in a hotel.